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UPON THE
Earl of Ossory,
Who Dyed of a
F E A V E R.

July 30. 1680.

14 Sept. 1680
TO THE

DUTCHESS of ORMOND.

M A D A M,

Y Our Son's true worth whom we Lament as Dead
Has drawn these Verses from my Heart, not Head;
They are a plain true Narrative of what
All men allow, no feigning what was not;
I never thought you pleas'd with flattering Fictions,
Nor that such stuff was proper in Afflictions:
I seldom Rhime, though there be seasons when
The grav'st and holiest have sou'd their Pen,
Who only Writes on such as OSSORY,
Perhaps needn't Write twice more before they Dy.

I **T** HE best siz'd Pillar of the fairest Pile;
That has of late been built on Ireland's Isle
Is fall'n; some were to short, others too long,
Some are too old, and others much too young.

II. His numerous Name being like a Town too wide
To be well mann'd, or fully fortifi'd:
He was their Cittadel within, their Mote
Without, their forte which on the Sea did flote;
At Land their Army, nothing being more
Ready to fight upon the Sea or Shore.

III. He didn't grasp Commands to scrape up Gold;
When he was Chief, all Offices were fold

'Tis true; for what d' you thing? for Skill in Arms,
For Vigilance and Courage, those only Charms
Wrought on his Soul; He that could pay good store
Of Sterling-merit, needed pay no more.

IV. Who knew him well, could not believe that ever
He meant to Dy thus tamely of a FEVER;
The Fates did disappoint him; it was their Check
He had not dy'd upon a Blood-smear'd Deck,
Or Storming, fell down from a scalding Ladder,
First by Granadoes rent, or what is sadder.
Some Royal Ship his Coffin should have been,
Stranded in Fight where tall Rocks might be seen
To shew the Sea-faring Crew; where OSSORY
Fought for the Laws, and for the KING did Dy.

V. What must we Weep? No, let no Muses whine,
Nor Verse be wet with Metaphorick Brine;
His Name's not Dead, who stands inshrin'd with Glory,
Embaln'd by Fame, with Monuments and Story:
Cannons go weep out Flames, Culverins go cry
And roar, from every Ship and Battery,
That OSSORY's gone! gone, whither? to scare *Jove's* Thunder,
And try what Powers can make him Fear or Wonder.

VI. Should his Friends mourn? when this is his Condition,
Or rather piously envy's fruition?
No, mourn poor Suitors! who want his helpful word,
Mourn more ye KING's that did deserve his Sword.

VII. Rather than weep fret, that the KING, the Nation
Ireland, his House, and th' whole Confederation
Of worthy Men, his Children and his Wife
Were all trappann'd and couzen'd of his Life:
For He (who Fire and Ball was proof) with Ice
Was Burnt, and with a *Peach*, shot in a trice.

VIII. VVhat did you mean, you blind Fantastick Fates,
Thus to exert your envy, peeks and hates?
VVere ye asleep at *Mons*, why didn't ye there
Kill him, or try if you could make him Fear?
Or tear him with the *Belgick* Lion's Claws?
Or with Death's treble Tooth (Fire, Sword, Sea) Jaws.

IX. Why Sister Furies! you had been less cruel
 T'have let him fall in some punctillious Duel,
 Whilst he was spelling in the *A B C*
 Of Honour, and before the World did see
 And read the Volumns, which his Sword had writ,
 Without the help of fourb or fripon wit.
 Y'have done your worst, Him whom you could not beat
 Yee treacherously have poyson'd by a Cheat.

X. More *Jameſes* will miſs him, than one or two,
 When they have great and dangerous work to do:
 Since he has fought enough; Let the next Prize
 Be play'd by others; thus th'Heavens juſt and wiſe
 (That he might but look on and not engage)
 Have call'd him up, to ſee't from their own Stage.

XI. Now Tack about (poor Muſe) 'Tis time to turn,
 We do but rant, to ſay we will not mourn:
 'Tis true, ſome giddy Sceptics may rejoyce, "
 But ſo to do is not in good mens choice;
 There will be Mourners, though the moſt ſincere
 May neither Muſſelins, Creap, nor long black wear.

XII. Look wiſtly in mens faces, and you'l ſpye
 Pitts in their Cheeks, and hollows in their Eye;
 Red in the Lidds, and underneath them Blue,
 Sallow and pale will be the Nations Hew:
 Men of brisk ſtomack will their food reſuſe,
 And not a few immoderate Wine diſ-uſe.
 Now ſleepleſs Heads will tell the Clocks all Night,
 And ſlumbering often ſtartle in a fright;
 Wh t broken Dreams and Fancies will poſſeſs
 Concerned minds? what Vapours will oppreſs
 The *Hypocondries* of diſtemper'd Spleen?
 More than before for many years was ſeen.

XIII. How many wronged wretches, poor and blind,
 Will grope in vain their Remedies to find?
 What will the Lame-maim'd Sea-men do? whoſe Cheſt
 Was Patron *O S S O R Y*'s moſt munificent Beſt.
 The ſound inſtead of ſongs of Drink and Laſs
 Will ſing his Name at Helm (each his watch Glaſs)
 And on the Deck, fancy the ſtarry Trayn
 They ſee, is *O S S O R T*, up in *Charls* his Wayn;

But

But singing sigh, That *OSSORT* no more
 Shall mak'm fight at Sea, nor Drink a shore :
 What Lamentations will this Blow so sharp ?
 Cause to be set upon the *Iris* Harp ?

XIV. All Hands to Work, let every faculty
 Come help to soften this Calamity.
 Come you Divines ! more than deserve the fair
 I referments you have had, beat not the Air
 In Pulpits, but let your Inspired Arts
 Preach Balsoms to the bruised *Ormond*-Hearts,
 Enlarge on *Job*, and branch on every Head,
 That *David* spake when *Bathsba's* Son was Dead.

XV. VVhere are the Optricks I have often had !
 That could reduce a shape, tho ne'r so bad
 Deform'd and ugly, to a handsome hew ?
 Help now to make things hideous and true ;
 Look fair though false, make *Ormond's* House believe
 They may their *OSSORT* and their Son retrieve,
 Give of those Optick Instruments, to each
 Of his Name one, to valiant Souldiers reach
 One a piece more, and then (for fear of failure)
 Give two a piece to every fighting Sailer ;
 Thus by Refractions, and contriv'd reflections
 Delude his Friend and temper their Affections.

XVI. Palliate this Sore, some *Asculapian* Hand !
 Till dozing time can *Cicatrize* it, and
 Beget new Hopes, until new measures be taken,
 And old designs off from your minds be shaken.

XVII. Now, tell me (Heav'ns Favourite) when shall I
 Leave off to mourn ? when ? nor till thou dy :
 You are in Paradiſe, we know right well
 You have already conquer'd Death and Hell ;
 Send me a Passport from the place of Bliss,
 And let me your exalted feet go kiſs.
 So shall your shining Face all my Tears dry,
 Like Summer-sun, O let me go, I'll dy.

FINIS.